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PARK'S

TALES OF
INSTRUCTION AND AMUSEMENT.

THE HISTORY OF
JOHN AND THE OAK TREE.



BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED.

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PARK'S
HISTORY OF
AND THE OAK TREE.



A little boy an acorn found,
Said he "I'll put it in the ground!"
He did ; and when the spring - time came,
A little shoot grew from the same :
And soon a small oak tree was seen,
Springing from earth so fresh and green.



THE YOUNG TREE.

As John grew old, so grew the tree,
Which soon was tall, and fair to see,
Monkeys and cows could not get near,
The tender shoots and leaves to tear;
For John, grown strong, put railings round
The tree was safe within their bound:
From foolish boys or playful sheep.
John well know how his tree to keep.



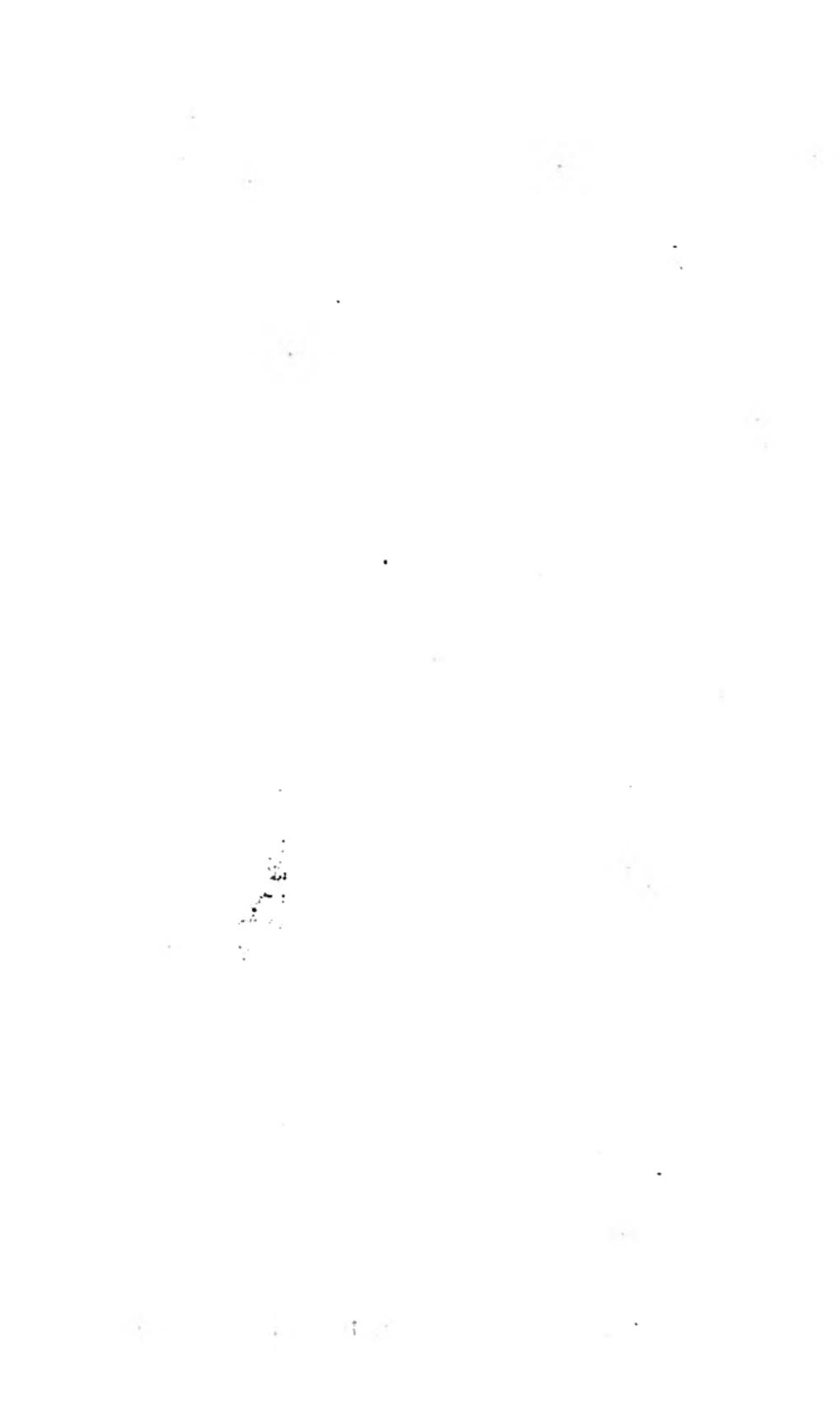
JOHN AND HIS SON

When John a staid old man had grown,
The tree was cover'd with branches strong;
John call'd his son, and thus did say,
"This tree I've watched from day to day;
Since from the earth it first did break,
So, when I am gone, don't it forsake;
May your blithe boys play near its shade
When I beneath the turf am laid."



JOHN LOSES HIS HOUSE AND TREE.

Young John did promise ; but, alas !
When grown a man, it came to pass,
That he was foolish, never quiet,
But spent his all in silly riot :
John was obliged his house to sell,
And sheep, and cows, and tree as well :
A woodman soon did buy the tree,
Who cut it down, as you may see.





SAWYERS IN THE DOCK-YARD.

The woodman hack'd and hew'd so quik
He soon cut through the stem so thick ;
The trunk and limbs apart were rent,
And from its native place soon sent
To Portsmouth Dock-yard ; and when there,
The saw our poor oak tree did tear
Into stout boards, to build a ship.
Which, when complete, to sea did trip.



JOHN FINDING HIS KNIFE.

When careless John had his money spent,
He for misdeeds, to sea was sent;
And in the very ship did sail,
Which his oak tree found deck and rail.
John, in his youth, a knife had broke,
Within the trunk of this famed oak,
And in the rail his blade found he,
John cried, "my folly I plainly see!"

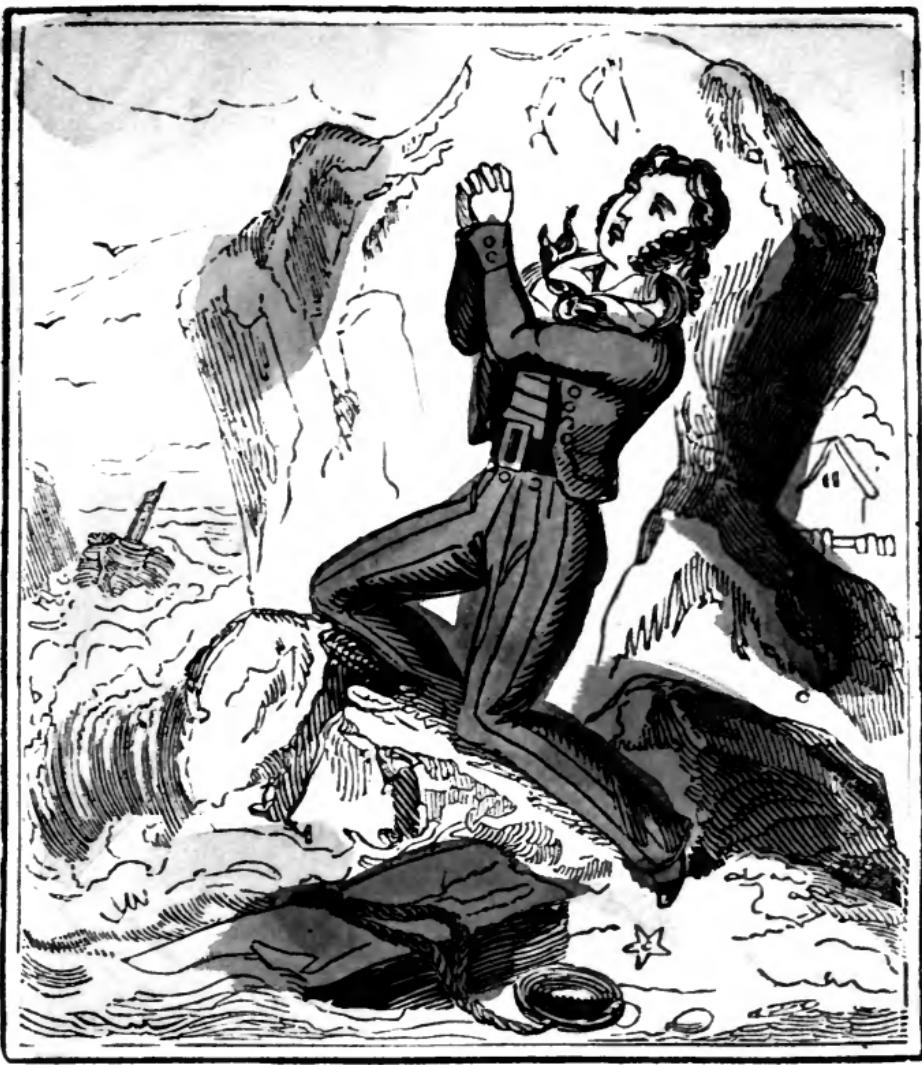






THE STORM.

On the oak plank John carved his name,
No other sailor did the same,
For they agree'd in fun and joke
That John alone should mark the oak.
Not long at sea, one dreadful night,
A storm arose ; John saw, with fright,
The ship toss'd on the raging main :
Poor John wish'd for his home again.



JOHN'S ESCAPE AND RETURN

At length the ship became a wreck,
And John cast headlong from the deck;
Upon a plank he reach'd the shore,
Then vow'd he'd go to sea no more.
Return'd, he labour'd hard to store his cot,
And soon all needful comforts got;
Content he sits upon the seat,
Which, from his plank, he form'd so neat.

